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balk!—what you paid for that same saw, which appears no better than one might buy in any shop in Letterkenny for four shillings." I confess I humoured the misconception; and in order to excite a high idea of my own good luck in being possessed of such a treasure, and in order to be allowed to carry off my bas relief without molestation, hinted that it was a *patent* invention, and that by-and-bye such tools would be in common use. Having secured my piece of sculpture, of which the wood-cut is a good representation, I carried it off in triumph under my arm amid the astonishment of the crowd, who seemed in doubt whether my saw or myself were most to be wondered at.

Here, then, is a proof that our remote ancestors were much better acquainted with the capabilities of the country than we are at present; and that they applied to ornamental architecture what their descendants have either despised or forgotten. Had the English when they commenced those stupendous monuments of taste, piety, and munificence, their cathedrals and abbey-churches, employed such a stone as this steatite, instead of the soft crumbling sandstone, we would not now witness the deplorable decay in which these sacred edifices are involved, nor the beautiful traceries and sculpture of such cathedrals as Chester, Worcester, Gloucester, &c. almost defaced and obliterated, nor be obliged to see others patched up, and restored with stucco and Roman cement.

Now, Sir, I have reason to know that in the primitive district of Donegal, though a good many miles from Kilmacrenan, there are abundant quarries of this steatite, or, as it is called in the country, *cam stone*. By the ports of Letterkenny or Derry it might be shipped to all parts of the united kingdom, so as to form, both for internal and external purposes, a cheap, ready, and imperishable material, for perfecting all the ornaments, traceries, and vagaries of the most florid Gothic architecture. Had the Irish in the provinces of Leinster and Munster the means of transport in former times that we have now, they would have had recourse to these steatite quarries for their ornamental architecture, instead of sending, as they did, to England for the comparatively more perishable *Oolite*, of which material the windows and pillars, not only of St. Patrick's Cathedral, but in the much earlier church at Glendalough, are constructed. So much for the steatite.

Allow me further to state, that in the county of Donegal are to be found, in many places, quarries of white marble even freer from the grey veins than the Italian. On the estate of Mr. Dombraine, near the Rosses, there are from twenty to thirty acres of ground under which is nothing but white marble, which can be raised in blocks of any size: but from the badness of the roads, and there being no pier to ship from, this treasure is comparatively unproductive to its owner, and valueless to the country. I have seen some of this marble in a sculptor's yard, in Dublin—it is not of so fine a grain as the Carrara; but being of a more yellow tint, and coarser grain, it is perhaps more like the Parian, of which the Grecian temples were composed. But still, these can be no fair specimens—they are but taken from the top of the quarry, as well might we judge of a coal field, from the culm that is found cropping out, on the surface, as decide on the composition of the more solid strata of Mr. Dombraine's marble, from the superficial specimens he has hitherto raised. When shall we see some spirited nobleman, or company, or ecclesiastical body—raise a superb edifice, in which the marbles of Cunnemara, rivalling, nay surpassing, Verde Antique, together with the Steatite, and white marbles of Donegal, shall to the exclusion of all foreign materials be employed, and yet still form a structure, which will prove the admiration of strangers, and the boast of Irishmen. Indeed, when observing all the new decorations of London, and the wonders of Regent's-street, and Regent's-park, &c., I have often said to myself—would, that these gentlemen, instead of wasting their capital on perishable plaster, Roman cement, Scagliola, would send to Cunnemara, or Donegal, for *rate* marble. Babylon, and Nineveh, with all their brick-work, present now but an undistinguishable desert of ruins; while Thebes, and Luxor, show forth the unperishable monuments of Granite, marble, and Porphyry; which time cannot eat, nor even man destroy.

R. Y.

P.S. The County of Donegal is not only rich in mines and minerals, but the rivers abound with the Pearl Muscle. I have seen large and round and lustrous pearls taken out of its streams, which would not disgrace the fishery of the Straits of Manar, in South India. We understand, that not long ago, Mr. Dombraine, the proprietor of the White Marble Quarries, near the Rosses, bought, for a few shillings, from a poor boy, one of such size and beauty, that Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, London, offered him forty guineas for it, and if another of equal size and colour accompanied it, they could scarcely say what sum they would have offered. Mr. D. has had the gem set with brilliants, at the expense of One Hundred and Fifty Guineas; and its positive value is in no small way enhanced in his eyes by being the product of the Emerald Isle.

## NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

No. VIII.



CHARLES LUCAS.

Charles Lucas, one of the most distinguished patriots of Ireland, in the last century, was the younger son of a country gentleman in the County of Clare; and was born about the year 1713. At the time of his birth, Lucas's father resided on a considerable farm, which had descended to him from his grandfather, who had obtained a beneficial lease for ever, of the townland of Ballingaddy, and some more ground adjoining it, from the ancestor of the Earl of Carrick. We are told that his father and elder brother were improvident, and sold their interest in these lands, which thus passed into other hands, and they in consequence, removed thence to Dublin. Nothing appears to have been worthy of record in his early life, which there can be little doubt, from the indifferent circumstances of his family, was passed in comparative obscurity. After serving the usual apprenticeship, he became an apothecary, and is said to have kept a shop in Dublin for several years; long afterwards, when he was admitted to the degree of M.D. and became a regular practising physician, he never hesitated to avow his former connexion with the humbler branch of the medical profession.

Such a position in life, would at first appear to be, of all others, the least calculated to develop the talents or character of a patriot or statesman, yet to an ardent and enthusiastic mind, such as Lucas's, circumstances like these are nothing; it quickly finds an arena for its exertions—and, accordingly, the innovations and encroachments by the Castle government of the day, upon the privileges and franchises of the citizens of Dublin, first called forth a display of Lucas's powers, by exciting his indignation, as a member of the common-council, whose peculiar rights he conceived, were more especially invaded by the manner in which the highest civic officers were appointed by undue influence, or rather nomination. His first political publication of note was a pamphlet, which he styled

"The Complaints of Dublin," containing a statement of what he conceived to be the grievances of his fellow citizens, which he presented to Lord Harrington, the then Lord Lieutenant, by whom though Lucas was politely received, the matter nevertheless ended in nothing. In this, and some other publications, he gave the results of his investigations of the ancient records and charters of the city, and endeavoured to arouse the citizens of Dublin to seek legal redress. These exertions naturally made him universally popular, with those whose cause he had so warmly espoused, and in defence of whose interests he, for several years, maintained an arduous and persevering contest. In this struggle he was greatly supported by an opulent and respectable merchant, Mr. Digges Latouche, who, though a man of considerable talent and intelligence, yet does not seem to have possessed the warm and sanguine temperament of Lucas. On the death of Sir James Somerville, the representative of the city in parliament, which took place in August, 1748, both Lucas and Latouche being put in nomination for the vacant seat, a difference of interests was created between them, and the election was carried on with all the excitement and violence of party spirit. In several of Dr. Lucas's speeches, and more especially in many powerful and energetic addresses which he published about this period, he animadverted in strong and unguarded language upon the conduct of the Government. But though it may be admitted, that this was sufficiently deserving of reprehension, yet nothing could warrant the perfidious advantage which was taken of his unsuspicious rashness, in placing in the hands of the Lord Lieutenant's secretary, Mr. Weston, for the purpose of justifying himself, copies of some of his publications which had been most censured. It seems that it was determined at any rate to get rid of Lucas, who was both feared and hated—and accordingly, when brought before the House of Commons, on the ground of having published some seditious pamphlets, it would perhaps have been impossible to have proved him the author, (for the printer could not be found, and no other evidence was to be had,) when Mr. Weston "produced the very papers which Lucas had left at the castle, which of course could not be denied by him, had he been disposed to take refuge that way." After some opposition, the publications were voted criminal—Lucas was ordered to be taken into custody, and the Attorney General directed to prosecute him. In consequence of this, Lucas conceived it most prudent to retire to England; and accordingly he appears to have resided there, and to have followed his professional avocations with considerable profit and credit for some time. An Essay on the Bath Waters, which he published in London, in 1756, appears to have added not a little to his character and fame as a physician. Here he became acquainted with Dr. Johnson, by whom he was much valued and esteemed. The following energetic passage occurs in a review, by Johnson, of the essay to which we have alluded to:—"The Irish ministers drove him from his native country, by a proclamation, in which they charged him with crimes which they never intended to be called to the proof; and oppressed him by methods equally irresistible by guilt and innocence. Let the man, thus driven into exile for having been the friend of his country, be received in every other place as a confessor of liberty; and let the tools of power be taught in time, that they may rob, but cannot impoverish."

But we have hitherto omitted to mention, perhaps the most remarkable of all Dr. Lucas's publications, namely, his "Translation of the Great Charter of Dublin," which appeared in 1749; to which is prefixed a dedication, in which at considerable length, and with great ability, he traces the political history of the city of Dublin, and addresses the king, (George II.) on behalf of the citizens. This, which is written with much force, and perspicuity of argument, affords, we think, a fair specimen of Lucas's talents and perseverance.

At length by the intervention of some influential persons, Dr. Lucas was enabled to return to Ireland; and at the election which took place upon the accession of George III., he was elected for the city of Dublin, which he thenceforward continued to represent while he lived.

It is said, that in the House of Commons, his influence

and importance were considerably diminished by his impetuosity, and perhaps also, from the comparatively humble rank in life from which he had originally sprung. Certain it is, however, that he advocated with much power and ability, and in some degree took a leading part in bringing forward many popular measures which were discussed in the Irish parliament at that period; that he was constantly assailed by the news-papers under the influence of ministers, is a sure proof that he was, in no small degree, formidable to them. He was much considered and regarded by many estimable persons of his contemporaries, and among the rest by Lord Charlemont, who also thought very highly of his professional abilities, and often declared that he had received more benefit from the advice of Lucas, than from all his other physicians.

During the latter part of Lucas's life, he suffered much from impaired health; and this seems not to have been diminished, by discovering that his unremitting exertions in the service of the public, were frequently foiled and rendered abortive. Almost worn out by the disappointment, which too constantly attends our most zealous labours, he declared, in one of his addresses to his constituents—"I dare not neglect, much less desert my station, but I wish by any lawful or honourable means for my dismissal." His appearance in the House of Commons, at his period, is described by a contemporary to have been very dignified and imposing; "his infirmities, for he was always carried into, and out of the House, being so enfeebled by the gout, that he could scarcely stand for a moment; the gravity, and uncommon neatness of his dress; his grey, venerable locks, blending with a pale but interesting countenance, in which an air of beauty was still visible, altogether excited attention; and I never saw a stranger come into the House, without asking who he was."

He died in November, 1771, and his remains were honoured with a public funeral, which was attended by the Lord Mayor, and other members of the corporation, in their dresses of ceremony, and also as by many distinguished men of his party in the House of Commons, as well as private friends. Soon after his decease, a subscription was raised among the merchants and citizens of Dublin, and others, who appreciated the unspotted character he had sustained through life, of steady and incorruptible patriotism, for the purpose of erecting a statue to his memory, which has been accordingly placed in a conspicuous niche on the west staircase of the Royal Exchange. It represents Lucas in a striking and dignified attitude, in the act of addressing an assembly; in his right hand he holds a roll, on which is inscribed, "Magna Charta."—On the pedestal is a figure of Liberty, in bas-relief. This statue is a most successful effort of the late Mr. Smith, the sculptor, and is said to have been almost the first which awakened public attention to his talents. An anecdote is told concerning this statue, which it may not be uninteresting to record here. It seems that the committee, to whom the fund so collected for the erection of this statue had been entrusted, had notified that they would receive proposals for the execution of it, and accordingly, models were sent in by various artists, and among the rest one by Smyth, then but a young man—and another by Van Nost, a very eminent foreign sculptor then residing in Dublin:—Shortly before the day on which the decision of the committee was to be made known, Van Nost happening to come into the room where the models were, was greatly struck with Smyth's; he quickly saw that it was much superior to his own, which was chiefly deficient in dignity, from a want of height in the figure. The shortness of the time not admitting of his making an entirely new model, he attempted to remedy the defect, by cutting his model in two with a cord, and then inserting a small piece of clay, for the purpose of lengthening it. This, however, did not prove successful, as upon the models being submitted to the committee, the order was, with but little hesitation, given to Smyth, who accordingly produced the beautiful statue now in the Exchange.

The following is a copy of the inscription on the tombstone erected over the remains of Lucas, in St. Michan's churchyard. It is at present in such a dilapidated state as to be scarcely decipherable:

To the memory of

CHARLES LUCAS, M. D.

formerly one of the Representatives in Parliament for the  
CITY OF DUBLIN,

whose incorruptible integrity, unflinching spirit,  
just judgment, and glorious perseverance in the Great Cause  
of Liberty, Virtue, and his Country, endeared him  
to his grateful constituents,  
this Tombstone is placed over his much respected remains,  
as a small and sincere tribute of remembrance, by one  
of his fellow-citizens and constituents,  
SIR EDWARD NEWENHAM, KNT.

Lucas, Hibernia's friend, her love and pride,  
Her powerful bulwark, and her skilful guide,  
Firm in the senate, steady to his trust,  
Unmoved by fear, and obstinately just.

O'G.

## LANDING OF THE FRENCH AT KILLALA.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

Killala, an ancient Bishop's See, deriving its name from a cell, built by Amhley, the Amalgadeus\* of St. Patrick, was, at the period of my recollection, a neat and picturesque little town.

Never shall I forget the impression made on my youthful mind, on first beholding this interesting place. Its lofty round steeple,† (the still existing remains of its ancient church,) insulated on an eminence in the centre of the town; its capacious harbour and contiguous arm of the mighty Atlantic, present objects of unceasing interest; whilst fertile corn fields, luxuriant meadows, and groves of venerable trees, descending to the water's edge, invested the entire scene with an air of tranquillity and repose.

Proceeding westward, two short miles, the Owenmore (big

\* Amalgadus, Amhley (hodie Awley) was prince of this district, on the arrival of Saint Patrick, called by a voice from the wood of Foclut (Faghd) to the conversion of the natives of this country, Awley received the Apostle with hospitality, by whom he was converted, together with 7000 of his subjects in one day, after a violent disputation with the Chief of the Druids, whose Crum Dhu, or Altar of Sacrifice he overturned, casting the eternal fire into a cavern communicating with the ocean, called therefrom, to this day, *Pal na shan tinne*, or the cavern of the ancient fire. The memory of this event is annually celebrated on the first Sunday in August, called Donagh Crum Dhu, at Downpatrick, five miles west of Killala. Awley divided his principality, thenceforth called Tyravley, amongst his sons—retired from the cares of the world, to a cell, which he built at the place, thenceforth called Killala, in Irish, Kilawley—near Killala is *Kill-e-brone*, or the cell of Bronus, with whom according to the book of Armagh, the Apostle sojourned a considerable time during these events.

† No subject connected with Irish Antiquities has been so fruitful of controversy and conjecture as these ecclesiastical buildings, called by the natives in Irish *Clochach*, or the *House of the Bell*, in contradistinction to *Clogas*—the Belfry, a place of *Bells*. The theorist, blinded by prejudice, or system, seeks for their origin amongst the Danes, forgetting that except in Dublin, and a few other points on the coast contiguous, they possessed no footing in this kingdom; and that neither in their native country, nor in the Danish part of Dublin, which was their capital, do such buildings exist. Klaproth in his "Travels in Georgia," describes one of these round steeples, as attached to a church in that country—what will the theorists say to that? The round form of these steeples, was probably in compliance with the former religious feelings of the people, or to ensure their durability; if the latter, they have fully answered the intention. The steeple of Killala, and primitive Church were built by Gobhan, an eminent architect, and divine, about the close of the sixth century, as were many other similar buildings in that country. Gobhan retired to a cell, the ruins of which are still to be seen, a mile west of Killala; and here also is to be seen the Stone intended to surmount and form the apex of the steeple. This beautiful steeple was struck by lightning in February 1800, attracted by the iron of a weathercock, the fluid entered at the top, and bursting out about the middle, left a hideous chasm, which, to the disgrace of the neighbourhood, is still unrepaired.

river) is crossed, over a stately bridge of eleven arches, to the then romantic hamlet of Parsonstown and the more than princely mansion of the Palmers'. The road here, branches N.E., following the course of the river for [nearly a mile, when bending N.W., parallel to the Bay of Rathfrank it is lost in the lands at the village of Foghill, (the Foclut of Irish history.) Within a small mile of Foghill, on the edge of a creek, near the western extremity of the bay of Rathfrank stands the grey ruin of Kilcummin, a cell built by Cummin or Cumean Fian,\* in the seventh century; and here it was that on the evening of the 22d of August, 1798, the soldiers of Quiberon, Castlebar, and New Orleans, landed at the head of 900 men to attempt the conquest of Ireland.

The fertile tract through which the Owenmore pursues its course to the ocean, forms a sort of delta or triangle; bounded on the north by the bays of Killala and Rathfrank and by the Atlantic; on the S.E. by the Tyravley (vulgarly Ox) Mountains; on the west by the mountainous district of Erris, whilst at its apex, Nephin rears its hoary head in solitary grandeur to the clouds.

This was the centre and strong hold of the Belgic colonies (Firbolg) who several centuries before Christianity possessed themselves of the maritime district, extending from Erris head, in the western extremity of Mayo, to Bundruis (Owendruis) within a few miles of Ballyshannon, now in the county of Donegal. Renowned for bravery, traditional poetry still celebrates the deeds of *Goll M'Morna* and his valiant Belgæ, aiding the redoubtable militia of Leinster, under Fin M'Cumhal, but overpowered by foreign invaders. After a lapse of several centuries, the sovereignty of Connaught passed from the posterity of the Belgæ, to the descendants of the Milet, (clan e Mile.) Their warlike character, however, remained unchanged.

When, in the twelfth century, Henry II. assigned to four great Lords of his household, the conquests of this province, they were opposed by the natives, with invincible obstinacy; confined within their castles (cemented, like the *σπιρηχισμα* of the Greeks, with the blood of their followers) it was not until they became denationalized, and adopted Irish names and customs, that they were admitted into the cherished family of the Gael. Three centuries later, during the wars of Elizabeth, designated still as "Cogger na Caillie," (the bag's war) they were in arms; and whilst O'Brien of Thomond and O'Connor Donn of Maghera Connachte, espoused her cause, the Belgæ and Hiberno-English of this district, in defiance of her bravest warriors and most renowned generals, proceeded to elect a Mac William Eighter, at the castle of Athlethan, within two miles of the English Camp.

The fatal surprise at Ardnaree, resembling a massacre more than a battle, and the storm and capture of Athlethan, rendered further resistance unavailing—they followed the destiny of their country. In the disastrous campaigns of 1690—91, they sent numerous troops to the Royal army; several of their regiments, together with numerous independent companies were at Aughrim; besides 8000 men, who, under Baldrig O'Donnell, were advanced within eight miles of that fatal field on the day of battle. Two hours would have brought the nimble Belgæ on the rear of De Gink's army, already in disorder and confusion. The thunder of the cannon, and the rolling volleys of the musketry, were audible in O'Donnell's quarters; his soldiers eagerly demanded to be led to the assistance of their countrymen; but neither the roar of the artillery, nor the ardour of his troops, could induce the holy traitor to advance. O'Donnell afterwards joined Gink's army, and assisted in besieging Sir T. O'Regan in

\* Cummin, or Cumean Fian, according to Ware, was a native of Donegal, and abbot of Hy or Iona in Scotland in the 7th century, from whence he arrived in Ireland; he it was who caused the Western Church to adopt the Roman mode of fixing the celebration of Easter, as may appear from his Encyclical letter to the abbot of Hy. Ware is ignorant of the district in which Cumean presided, conjecturing it to have been in some part of the King's County. The cell of Kilcummin is unroofed, but otherwise pretty entire. Cumean is buried near it, and at his head was placed a square slab inscribed with the contracted Irish characters. This precious relic was removed some years ago, by a clergyman, not a native of that country—should this meet his eye, or that of his superior, the Right Rev. Doctor M'Hale, it is hoped they will restore it to where it is only of value; or publish a copy of a monument capable of deciding and elucidating a doubtful point, in the ecclesiastical antiquities of Ireland.